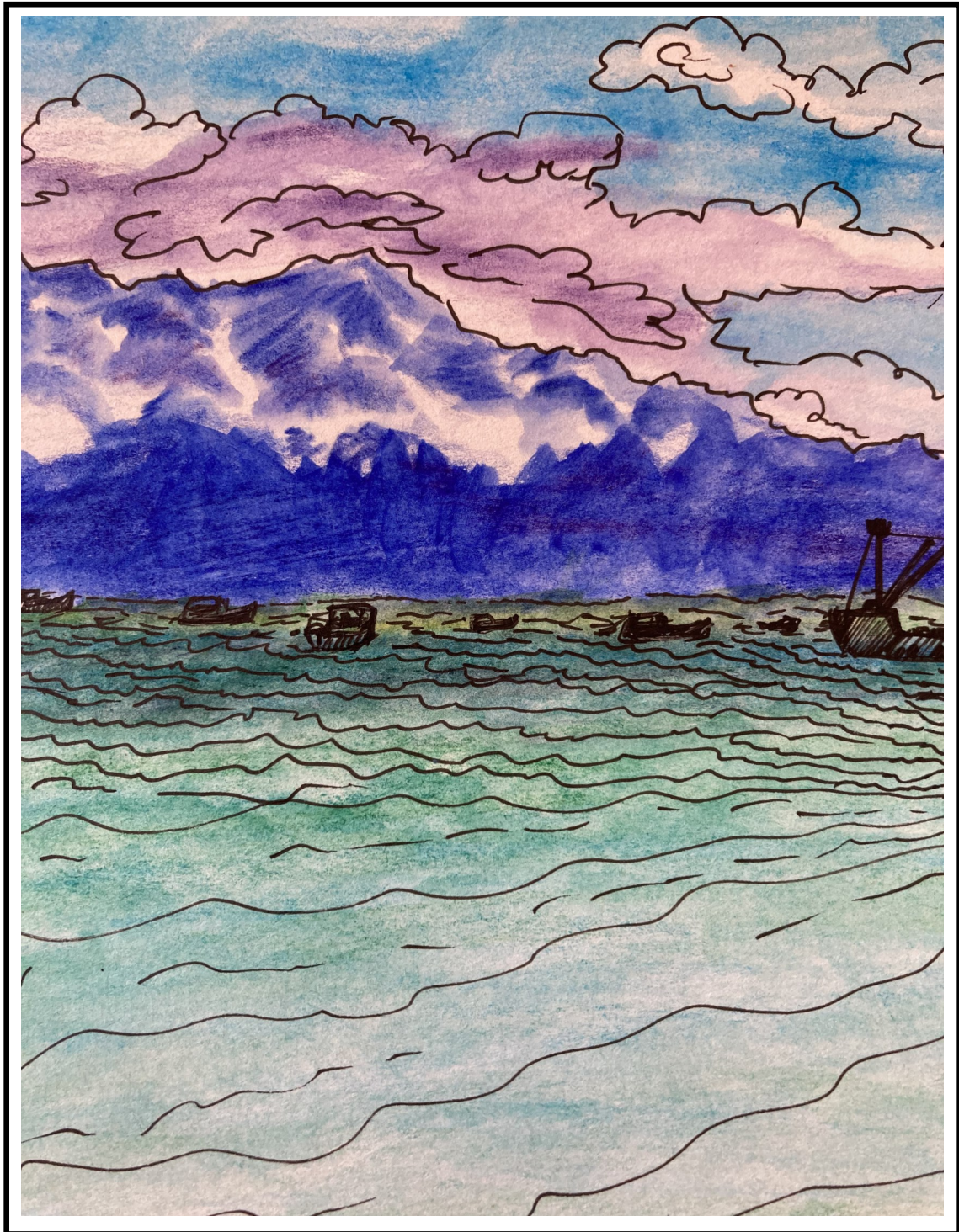


The CATCH

adrift?



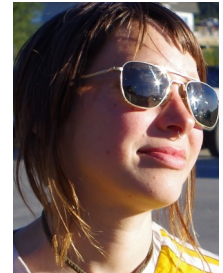
If you want to receive a free digital copy of *The Catch*, directly to your email inbox, email jillian.cordovapubliclibrary@gmail.com

Friends & Neighbors,

It is with much joy that I welcome you to *The Catch*, our community's new literary and arts quarterly. Each publication announces the next quarter's theme and extends an invitation for submissions. All ages and all mediums are accepted for review. In this Summer collection you will find poetry, short fiction, essay, memoir, photography, painting & illustration. The project is just beginning, and we can expect it to transform over time. It is my hope to see the variety of creative content grow - - possibly to include culinary arts and crafting projects, for example. That being said, I'd like to extend my deepest gratitude to all of the participating artists; to everybody who has offered this project their time, feedback, and encouragement; and to a community that celebrates creativity. Contributions to *The Catch* from our year-round cast of characters and from our seasonal work force, together, make for a wonderfully varied palette. Please, join me in appreciation of this bounty.

Jillian Gold

Editor



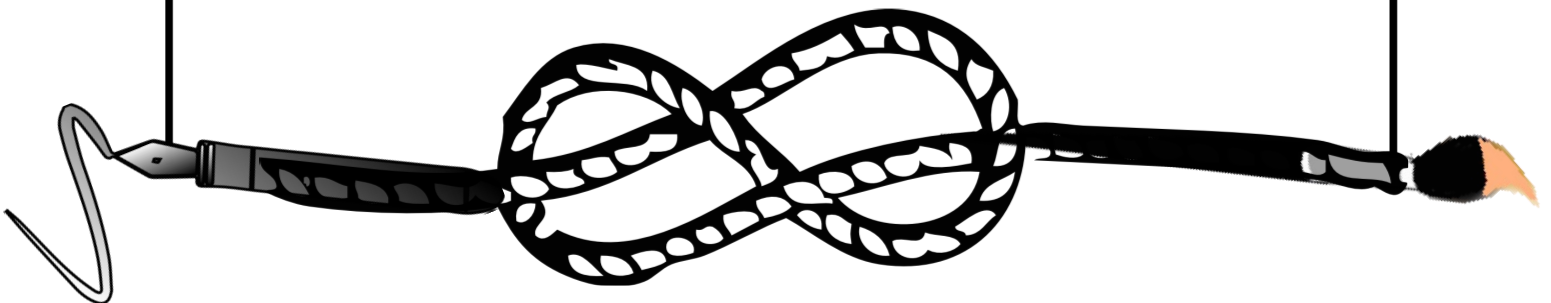
The theme for our Fall Quarterly is

Harvest

Submissions are due by September 15th

Email: jillian.cordovapubliclibrary@gmail.com

OR deliver to the Cordova Public Library circulation desk
(photo scanning available; hand-written submissions accepted)



Seasonal Catch

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PHOTOGRAPHY

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Chris Byrnes, *inside cover (editor photo), pages 12, 33*

Gerald Masolini (*from the collection of*), *pages 4 & 5*

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Arlene Rosenkrans, *pages 7, 19, 31*

David Saiget, *pages 24, 27, back cover*

Lance Westing, *page 6*

DISCLAIMER

The submissions in this publication exclusively reflect the views and opinions of the participating artists and do not, in any way, represent the views or opinions of the city or its members.

While some profanities have been edited (with writer permissions), there is occasional use of forceful language in this publication. Please exercise reader discretion.

A Number 2 Hat and A 40 Shirt Was All You Needed.

By Gerald *Pieface* Masolini

(My “code” name, “Pieface”, is my all-time favorite boat name. No use getting too serious, mates.)

Long ago, back in the *Mist of Time*, Skip Mallory and I bought an old halibut Schooner – a 57-footer named the “Sentinel”. These wooden Schooners, most of which were built in the late 19-Teens and early Twenties, were shaped like a butcher knife – long, skinny, and deep. When the ocean was calm with just a slight swell, they would roll lazily; more than the average fishing boat would roll. It was almost embarrassing – we looked like we’d roll over if a puff of wind came up – *but when the heavens scowled and the rigging howled, and the winds began to blow* (words from Robert Service, sort of) our old schooner



would take on a new personality. Its North Sea, Norwegian design was all about being a “sea boat”, and all about getting us back home. Luxury was not a consideration; it had none. It had a small pilot house with one seat for the skipper, and one very skinny bunk we called the “*Spice Rack*”. In a bad ocean one time, Skip got thrown out of the *Spice Rack* and was bruised up a bit. Crew quarters were in the fo’c’sle = fore castle = bow. Let me tell you, it was no castle: four bunks, a table, stove, sink and a cupboard or two. The bathroom was a bucket on the deck. . . We never had plumbing problems. We were young, intelligent, and tough. Well, at least we had the “young” part right.

In the fall of 1971, we decided to turn our halibut boat into a Tanner crab boat so we could fish the Gulf of Alaska all winter, our homeport being Cordova. This took a lot of doing. “Art Smart” Gunderson built us a real nice drop-in crab tank. We installed a rebuilt 253 Jimmy Diesel to pump seawater into the crab tank to keep them alive and to power our sodium crab lights so we could fish all night. And we ordered a bunch of Tanner pots from Seattle along with lots of line, buoys, and bait jars.

Our “shake-down” crab trip was a doozy. We were off-shore of Montague Island when we discovered we were taking on water (i.e. “sinking”). Skip headed the boat for the beach, while I scrambled around in the dark depths of the Sentinel, trying to find the leak with a flashlight. Finally, I found water pouring in where the deck met the sides of the boat. Then it dawned on us; the over-flow water from the crab tank was flowing across the deck, but not all of it was going out the scuppers. Some water had found a hole near the bulwarks and was flowing down into the boat. Our automatic bilge pump could not keep up, so our bilge alarms were going off. Well, that was easy enough to fix; we drove some oakum into the deck and kept on fishing.

(story continues on next page)

Gerald, a mere stripling, among his bounty.

Photo compliments of Pieface Archives

That winter, Tanner crab fishermen were getting only 13½ cents per pound for their crabs, but as Skip said, fuel was 21 cents a gallon and hot cake flour was cheap.

It seems that when you are crabbing, there is always a line getting in the wheel (propeller). I was the designated diver and was used to putting on my neoprene suit and swimming down with a sharp knife to cut the line out. One time, in the middle of winter, I missed a trip, so Skip and his brother John made the trip by themselves – and somewhere, off-shore, they got a piece of drag net in the wheel. This very heavy-duty net is tough to cut. . . And they had no diving suits. Somehow, they crippled into Port Etches and anchored in the first possible place to grab ahold of the bottom. This was a grim situation; if a storm came up, it would blow them

out of their blue-bird-weather anchorage and toward the rocky Montague Island coast. Skip and John eyed the skim ice all around the boat. Then, in their boxer shorts, dove down and cut the net out. Now, almost fifty years later, when we talk about the crab years, we can hardly imagine how they did that. Skip comes closest to nailing down the answer: “We were broke, we had boat payments. We had to dive. There was no choice.”

The Sentinel is gone now, at rest in 40 fathoms, out by Danger Island. Sometimes I try to picture it down there in the depths. Probably there is a big lingcod, snoozing on the *Spice Rack*. Thankfully, it’s not one of us.

Photo compliments of Pieface Archives



An Essay

By Sierra Westing



I am going to prove to you that fishing on the shore at Hippy Cove is better and more fun than jigging or trolling on a boat out on the sound.

My first reason is that you don't need a boat to have fun king fishing. You just need a fishing rod, boots, and a good attitude.

You also can cast or use a bobber, rather than standing on the deck jigging your rod.

Fishing at Hippy Cove is also fun because if you don't want to fish you can (with boots) wade into the water and go exploring among the rocks!

These are my reasons for liking king fishing on the shore. I hope your opinions have changed, if they haven't that's okay.

Top: *Sierra & Drake fishing Hippy Cove* (Photo By Lance Westing)

Right: Illustration By Drake Westing



Catch the Message

By Tucker Legerski

It all starts with a need. That vibration in the hand, a feeling that flows from the heart, slithers down your nerves, and wants out of your fingertips. It's caught and locked on the tongue like a fish hooked at sea. To write the feeling is to reel it in.

You search the fine beaches of California in its daffy sunlight, its insouciance and away from the throbbing power of the valleys. You see the wind of the coast and how light just skims and pops out of the ocean. You can't find the right piece among the pearly rocks.

You look where nature meets raw city out in Atlantic, where storms mix cobalt and hungry. You don't find the wood you need on the well-worn paths.

You search in Hawaii among sea caves and waterfalls where you're charmed but don't find the canvas for your heart.

You look through Florida among the suntan oil, the bodies molded and formed out of the tales of Greek Gods and digital American advertisements. You find nothing within the palms and groves, the wood is knotted, just like the message that churns within you.

You then find it in Alaska among the humongous acres of wild. A hunk of Sitka spruce, pulled from its maritime and moist world—fallen and adrift. Indigenous people had used all of this tree to make spears, medicine, baskets, canoes. The tree explodes into millions of uses. 20th century saw the wood be used for fighter planes in the great wars, guitars and pianos. It's lightness and soundness carried and propelled and banged out the messages of many.


Now, here, in the 21st century, this piece you hold is light but long as an arm. You're going to use it to write a love note. You'll draft and draft. With rain playing your roof like piano keys, you'll finally find the right words to the feelings like a magnet connecting to metal.

You carefully breathe and write the message across the spruce's flat and taupe surface. The address goes on the corner.

"Saw a coconut the other day," the postal employee tells you. You let it go, this driftwood—it goes into a new floating system. A human system that delivers messages all across our globe, sending aching news that bursts loved ones to tears. The cybernetic, satellite, and wires, and trucks, and ginormous jets. All haul messages. The news saddled in its vehicle. As small as a two-word text to a concocted love poem written on driftwood.



Photo By Arlene Rosenkrans



Imaginary Lines

By Jillian Gold

How quickly we forgot our plastic bucket
The one that forced the shape of our world
When we noticed a light
Suddenly caught on a mystery

Sand dimpled beneath our toes
The eagerness of possibility
Bounced us along the periphery
With breath labored and laughing

Impossible to quantify
The sum of our pleasure
Already overjoyed with chase alone
When we arrived at a storybook prize

The beached bottle for which we've all begged
And realism has always dismissed
Posed perfect then, at our feet
Corked and with message inside

Slowed by a thick wall of wonder
You bent to reach for it
The cradle of my hands received it
And we stood still and silent, looking

We inhaled, at once, as you pulled the cork
It swirled through our noses and brains
Like a secret sandwiched in a book
Finally revealed, and *just* to us

I tilted the bottle to empty it
You paused to appreciate the grain
Before tenderly unrolling
Our anticipated message

I held onto a short side
As you continued stretching it open
It offered no words to announce itself
All delicate filigree and impossible glyphs

The weight of responsibility
And the wallop of awe
Forced us to our seats
Where we deliberated at enormous length

A quest had certainly initiated
No agreements on approach arrived
Inching towards you
I closed your fist around the scroll

My head at rest on shoulder
I spoke words quiet and certain
We smiled towards the tide
As you processed my request

You looked once each at me and the bottle
You nodded solid and set right to it
Working me into that narrow cavity
That we'd only *just* unplugged

It didn't take much time at all
After deserting reality's bounds
For your thumbs to press my body
Entirely within

My fingers at the rim
I squeezed my head
And the very last of me
Into place

You sealed me up and set me into the water
You watched me float on and on
Until my glimmer merged with the horizon
And your own journey began

A brief apology to the barnacles

By Castilleja Kuzis

You could've been on a whale,
and I could've been in Texas,
but we're here, stuck to this ship.
I've been told to clean you away,
spray and scrape,
faster and harder.
Not to be distracted by the marvel,
of your lifecycle.

the pelagic drift,
settlement,
then metamorphosis.

These bullet points,
from a marine biology class
that I dropped out of,
echo amongst the crunch of your shells.
They feel relevant,
or do I mean relatable?
Either way,
I'm sorry,
we cannot choose our attachments.



Expelled (a lone Pacific herring
without a school, surrounded by predators)
Pen, Ink, & Acrylics // By Alysha Cypher

Tides of Grief

By Tara A. Anderson

It had been a long cold night on the sound with gale force winds of 60 knots. Rain pelted the Miss Erica like it had never been pelted before. Miss Erica's maiden voyage had happened over 25 years ago with the grand blessing of the town, so it would be a shame to lose her now. The all-too-human crew watched in fear as the sides of the ship swayed to and fro with the force of a high Richter earthquake. Seagulls could be seen soaring through the rain, quivering the air, but not a worry could be seen on their stony faces. The Miss Erica would be fortunately fine this time around, but the same could not necessarily be said of the crew.

* * *

Lyndsey Bishop walked with an air of curiosity, across the rock-strewn beach near her birch wood cabin, braided pig tails bound with a modest brown elastic, swinging in the air. These rocks probably had been deposited here by a glacier that had long since melted and by the slow process of wave induced erosion. These were the kinds of things she thought about as she looked here and there at the low tide level beach. Various broken, slightly bleached scallop shells with multiple curved ridges, rich blackish blue mussel beds with every shell firmly clasped and slippery, ruddy brown kelp were exposed during the receding of the ocean waters. Beaches had always been a place of interest to her, ever since she was old enough to walk and explore. She never tired of the wonders of low tide, despite the smell of decaying organic matter, because the waves always seemed to reveal or drag in something new to pique her interest. Her eyes were grey with a look of wonder and a hint of sadness behind them. She continued to rove with her eyes until something shiny caught her interest. She walked quickly, but with care, lest she stumble across the obstacles, which the rocks and sand presented her with.

Lyndsey soon realized that the shiny object she was seeing was that of a gold ring connected to a water-logged and shriveled hand. She let out a gasp loud enough that her father soon came running out to where she was. Her eyes roved the body with a dark, but still fearful curiosity. She succumbed to a sort of daze until she felt her father's hand grip her shoulder. "Oh Lyndsey, oh my god," he exclaimed, and then his voice trailed off into a sort of choked whisper. Lyndsey then said, "I know we have to report this to the authorities." She shocked her father with the clarity and firm certainty of her voice.

From his fingers to his head and then to his toes, the man lying in front of them was a sorry mess. Lyndsey placed her ear near his mouth and her fingers at his throat to check for a single sign of life; just in case. Neither breath, nor the thump of a pulse issued from the poor man, though. A single tear dripped from her eye into the huge gaping hole of the gash that appeared to cross the left side of his face. Everything else seemed to be intact except for a fine layer of salt and his shriveled appearance. A shade that resembled somewhere between puce and eggshell, colored his skin from the grime, algae, and death that infused him now.

(story continues on next page)



Photo By Sergei Bogatchev



Photo By Sergei Bogatchev

* * *

Alexander Kafka sipped at his spirit, while he mulled over the last week's events. He was a burly man of near fifty with eyes that always seemed to reach into the deepest, darkest pits of a person's soul. He toyed with his scruffy, dark brown beard as he thought it all over. Many voices colored the background and the tall slender bartender kept staring at him like he was wasting his precious time. All these factors made it difficult for him to completely concentrate on his thoughts. This made him all the happier that he had his drink to soothe his nerves.

Over the past week, he had difficulty thinking about anything other than the incident. He spent most of his time in bars like this one with smoke constantly looming over his head and plenty of happy people who couldn't get over themselves. These people would crowd onto the dusty, sweat-covered dance floor with extremely old and cracked tiles and a stage with a worn, ripped up carpet, shake themselves silly to the B52's, and then expect him to respond to their dirty, sex-tinged humor afterwards. This behavior toward him made him feel so used. He couldn't understand why they viewed bars like this as places to have fun, when he viewed them as places of melancholy reflection.

So many things kept on bringing him back to that night. A pretty woman with dark mahogany hair had asked him to buy him a Manhattan, which made him think back to the many good times he and Tom had spent drinking together; one of the few times he had thought of drinking as even remotely fun. The two of them had been the best of friends, always telling each other about the prime fishing spots, which took much loyalty, love, and respect for a person to do. He felt he could remember the night of Thomas's death almost like it was just last evening. He remembered seeing his boat being tossed about and rained on, just as much as his own boat.

He had thought Tom's decision to rename the boat the Miss Erica, after his new girlfriend was bad luck. He never understood why he couldn't have named it the Miss Jessica after his daughter, if he was going to rename it, after it had been the Bonny Lass for so long. Maybe he was old-fashioned, but he had always felt boat names should have some permanence to them. Therefore, he didn't think it was the right time, if at all, to name it the Miss Erica, when they had only been dating for six months. Then again, he had the same ideas about tattoos.

(story continues on next page)

His mind wandered back to that night on the water. He had brought his girlfriend out on the boat with him. He had told Alexander that he had thought it appropriate to bring his good luck charm out on the boat with him to enhance the luckiness of her namesake. He told Tom, “Screw namesakes and good luck charms! What matters in fishing is hard work and perseverance in fishing!!” Of course, Tom being the stubborn guy he was took her with him, anyway. Either way, Alexander thought that the important thing was *not* bringing rookie crew members out on the boat for the initial openers of the fishing season, when large schools of fish were often found, or when the seas were predicted to be extremely rough.

Alexander remembered thinking he saw Erica and Tom fighting out on the aft deck. They were gripping each other’s shoulders and appeared to be yelling, though he could not hear their words over the sounds of the howling winds

and surging waves. He couldn’t see what happened after that, since the sea-spray and rain had increased in their intensity, obscuring his visibility, as well as the fact that they had moved into the cabin of the boat. At that point he went back to his nets. Once he had pulled in the current set, he heard what sounded like a load crash into the water. This had startled him so much he had lost his sea legs and almost fallen onto the deck.

The police had questioned him on these matters, but they still seemed to swirl around in his mind, like there was some detail to the story he wasn’t picking up on. His family told him he was still in shock from the whole incident and needed to relax. He thought to himself, “Screw them and their theories.” Then, with this last thought, he finished off his glass and asked the bartender for another drink.

* * *

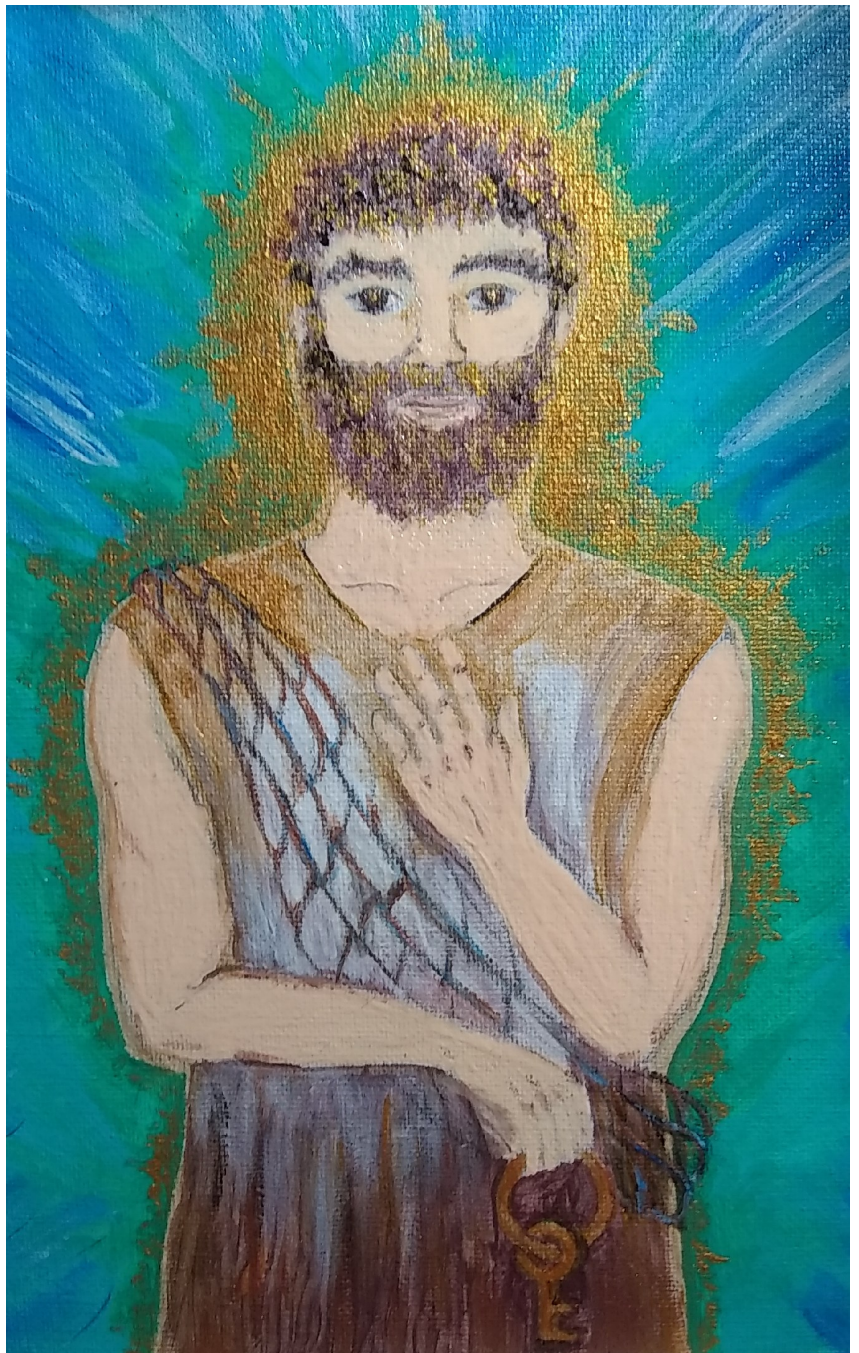


Photo By Chris Byrnes

Still Water Ruminations

By Oshiana Black

Before long, my friend, you'll look back on your life –
Don't slip into the streams of mediocracy
You only have this one life
Don't spotlight the iceberg's tip, the easy familiar
The tip won't remain- the berg will revolve and
a slippery and satiny new flesh
Will emerge and only sense of humor will steady the way,
Your intuition will get stronger, if you reinvent yourself
Focus the lens not on the branch but the space between
Change lanes and trains so often you can't be classified
As your microscopic life exponentially expands
into the universe
If you do, this moment will become every moment, and
your desire to live in each moment
will drown everything else
Your self-preservation and ability to look fear in the eye
and say categorically "F*%# you," will flourish
You are magnificent
You were born magnificent, the offspring of
the creative force of the Universe
You can open your palms and let go of it
Breath in and out and focus your entire lens, your being,
on that desire within you to vibrate
Only on high frequency channels and whirl
with magic magnetism, attracting the same
All you need to do is just listen, be,
and give thanks for all that is.



Fisher of Man // St. Peter Icon
(Acrylics on Canvas) - C.V.

detours irrelevant

By Steve Schoonmaker

Destination. . . Destination
hidden in the dusts of the path
It's the Path

Situation. . . Situation
no reverse, detours irrelevant
It's the Path

The untrodden ground
under. . . only your feet
no obvious street
It's the Path

Distracted. . . diverted
hurried along by the clock
attention span shot
stepping over the spot
trying to get to the got
under only your feet
like a one way street
prancing up to go down
conditioned, like painted ponies
on a merry go round

No reverse in that way
Destination a fiction
the path has the say
the creator hidden in Creation
hidden in the dusts of the path
It's the Path.



Photo By Sergei Bogatchev

The Load

By Greg Mans

The load
It only weighs on me when I remember
When I forget to forget what I forgot.

I love that word Fram,
It means forward in some Norwegion tongue.

I'm like a feather.
I've got bird bones, hollow and light.
Not a thing, not a thing Anchors me
But me

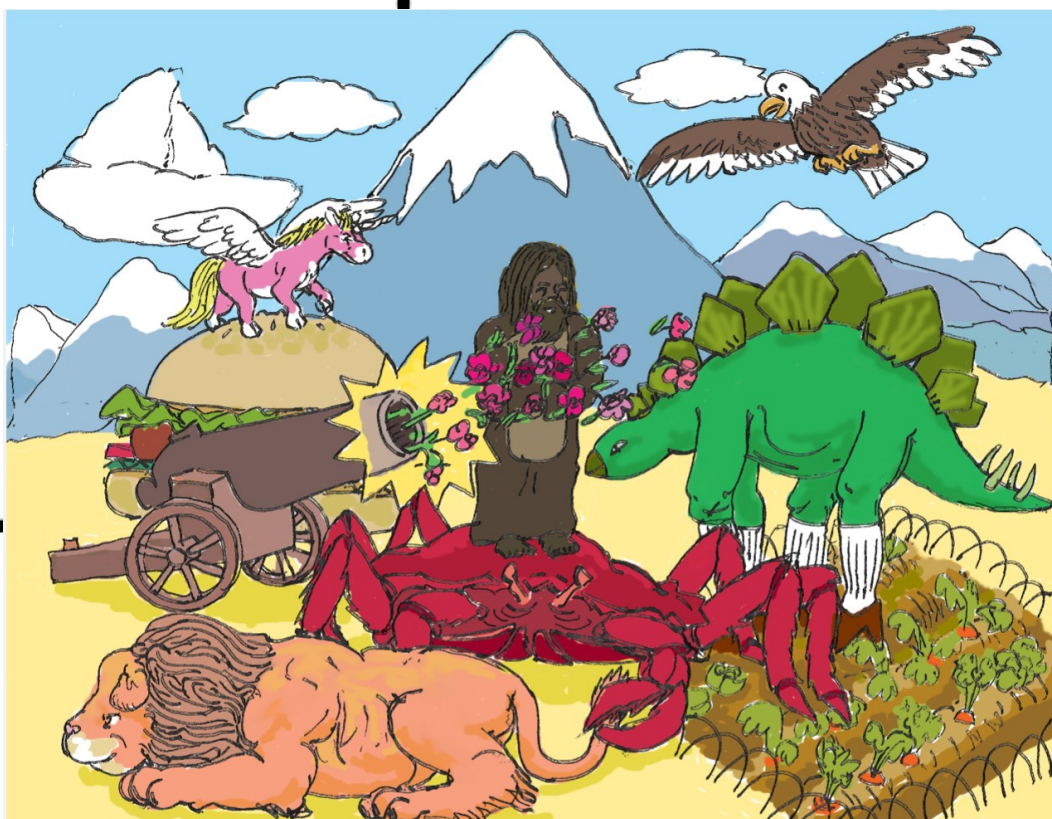
Here and There

By G.C.

With no prayer on my lips I am asked to rest, the
smokey clouds roll over my eyes with fuel and coolant on my
breath, my vision becomes the tunnel of light; guided with
colors bright and more brilliant than I've seen before, some
how the mind knows that which exists but the eyes cannot see.
The tunnel leads me through into eternity. At the end of time
there is an eye, its gaze is brighter than the sun;
I am translucent. Its gaze burns like fire searching
for something, it knows I should not be there *yet* here I am.
Completely exposed, tattered, and shrinking; another second
and I will be lost -

When from *below* comes a cool embrace and pulls me
away from that fiery place. I hear a warning not to return.
The unseen embrace takes me to a soothing place with mist
and mountains, where we journey for many years,
to where we go, I just don't know. I see a swamp thing and
know this cannot be. This must not be eternity,
this must instead be insanity -

I wake into a padded room; at least now I know what
I've *done*. The walls turn red and start to run, melting away.
There is a lock on the door I must go through, I turn the lock
and step into a world I once knew,
the trees melt and time slows,
a jester becomes a friend again,
perhaps this is how the journey ends.
I am here now.
And then



Digital Illustration (with trackball mouse)

By Sam Bair

Catch a New Way

By Tracey Nuzzi

As I sit, glimmers of admiration,
In awe of what's possible.
Watching the soar, the ride, the song,
Calculating, can that be me?

Catching a new wave, letting go of the fall,
Moving to a new groove, releasing nostalgia.
Running, trickling with the flow,
No fight to remain in the pool.

Catching a new day, a new room,
To place our reality – to see.
A different perspective, a release
Of our hard-earned dramas for nothing.
Trust, trust that nothing is better than something.

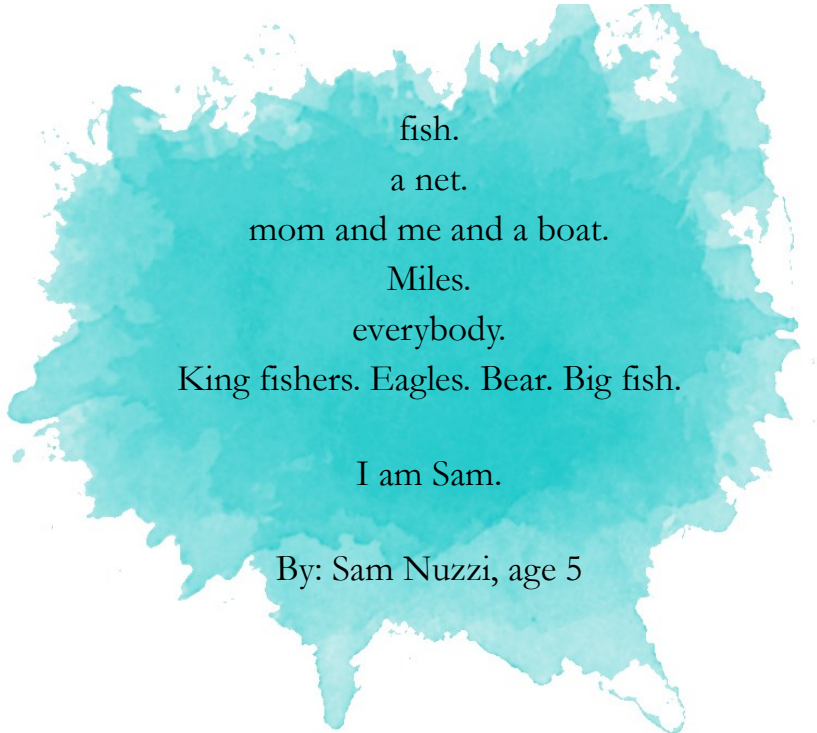
Catching the flow, catching a thread
Connecting to the movement of the imperfect ultimate.
Fumbling, shining, all the same,
Loving regardless of the kind of day.

Catching just a moment, of what is,
Before it fades, as is its nature.
Not to exaggerate its size in memory,
For the catch is gone.

Gone is not to be lamented, gone too is gone.
Catch another breath. Catch a new song.
Catch a new day, a new flow, a new way,
A new way to say, I'm love.
I'm life.

Catch a new way.

Read and write poetry with your kids!

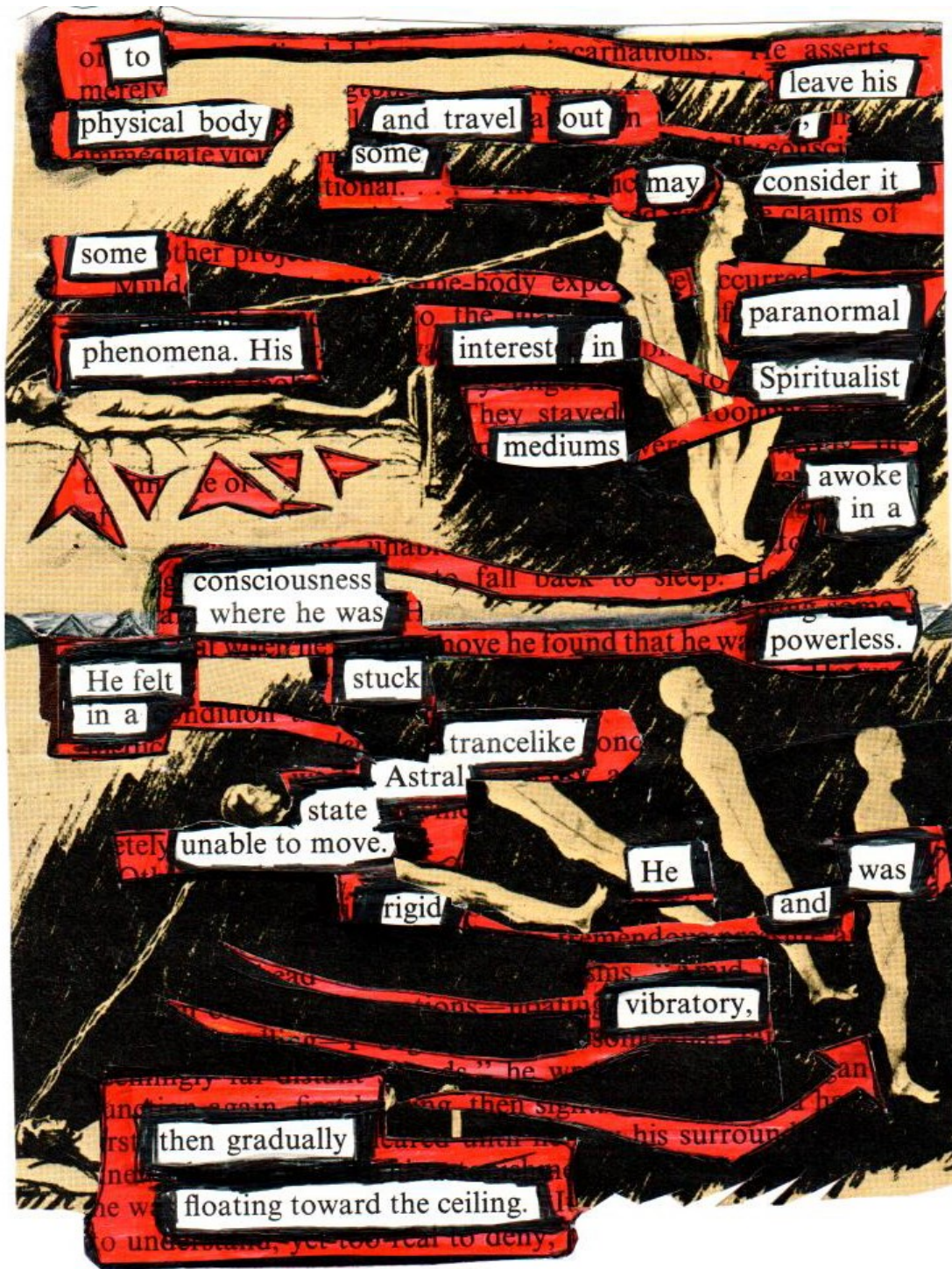


fish.
a net.
mom and me and a boat.
Miles.
everybody.
King fishers. Eagles. Bear. Big fish.
I am Sam.

By: Sam Nuzzi, age 5

Explore Erasure Poetry!

Modify a source text, by any means, to create a new work.



Astral // Book, Razor, Marker, Glue // By Jillian Gold

Credit your source:

Astral uses as its source text layered pages 71-74 [featuring artwork of Sylvan Muldoon, *The Projection of the Astral Body*] from *The Supernatural: Psychic Voyages* by Stuart Holroyd, published by the Danbury Press, 1976.

Untitled

By E. Brennan

Floating, passing, purposeless
Where could I find land?
I've been around a time or two
But my feet hold only sand

Floating, passing, purposeless
Will I find my way?
Queasy quakes keep me up
Seeking stillness to lay

Floating, passing, purposeless
Has my boat come ashore?
For I have found sweet peace
And my heart is filled galore

Adrift no more; I found my home
Anchored in you to remain
Horizons anew with splendor
Opportunities in full rein



Photo By P. Payne

Cordova's

Wild Loving Start

By Rebecca Jean Martin

Glacier's edge; dawn's copper glow reflection,
cool cocoon, soft silver mist seduction.

As silk threads woven into tapestry,
multiple birds' song entwine symphony.

Night was day until the time day held sway,
Oh, so tight – pure harmony – then, gave way.
In season, trumpeter swans call a mate:
Ah! “uh-OH! Hey, Pen!” “Yes, Cob? Lookin’ great!”

“With our tribe, let's catch the wind heading North
to wetlands!” Half-million flock follow course.
Lead, lift off. Attune to sail, moonlight fond.
Mountains, coasts, constellations guide to pond.

Eggs: their wealth. She preens herself – Delta Queen.
Lifelong mate hesitates, then, barely seen,
dips head low, rises to place stick by stick,
Builds their nest against the stream – ever quick!

The earth quakes, reminder of destruction.
How is this? Beauty's birth begs inspection.
Remember Cordova's wild loving start:
Always hold fragile magic close at heart.



Photo By Arlene Rosenkrans

Gillnet Deckhanding PWS 2012

By Oshiana Black

I'll never forget the Summer of 2012. Gillnet deckhanding is "low man on the totem pole" and I was gillnet fishing on the bowpicker F/V Ambergris with my dad, Bill, who has fished Area E since 1971 (50 years by now!).

Port Wells is a special place. It's the north eastern most part of Prince William Sound, a giant fjord literally surrounded by gigantic majestic glaciers and huge mountains. It feels like a different country, Norway maybe, and the air is pure and smells fresh and cleansing. I remember many warm days that July, napping on the inflatable raft kayak that was tied to the roof of the 27 foot gillnetter. I remember feeling cooped up and sorry for myself, grumbling and making life difficult for my dad with my near constant complaining. I look back on that now and wish I'd been a better sport, been more appreciative of my time with my dad (even if I wasn't on a "big bad" seiner that year, scooping up salmon without laying a finger on any of them).

We rolled into Coghill Point in late June, we were one of the first boats there. I remember as each boat showed up, Point Nowell, Summertime Sage, Rumpilmitze and that 100 year old cool tender, the Victory. I remember after setting the anchor, hearing the salmon pop and jump like popcorn; drifting off to sleep to that sound. The next few days, as June rolled over into July, it seemed like a lot of fish to begin with -big bright reds- but it just kept getting better. Then July 4 came. We had to quit fishing at 8 AM because the period was over. About that time a plane flew over. First plane we'd seen. Fish and Game realized how many fish there were!

I loved the warm days. The warmth made rooftop naps possible, made the water seem to sparkle bright and brilliant, like trillions of tiny diamonds. The sun lifted sagging spirits and made your sleep at night easy to drift into, images of God's creation was all you had on your mind.

Being on the water made things simpler, in a way - with nowhere to go, after a while there comes an acceptance of that fact, and a new appreciation for the simple things. Hand me down New Yorkers, books, KCHU public radio, simple food, fruits and vegetables, clean teeth and face, socks, underwear,

and trips into the big metropolis of Whittier.

The thing about gillnetting is that when you're "in them" it's actually a lot of hard work. . . and when they are big beautiful red salmon and each one gets bled and put in the icy fish hold, time flies.

But back to the Fish and Game plane, and the day I will never forget. It was July 5, 2012. The whole thing was ridiculous. Someone in the higher ups of Fish and Game made an "exception" to the rule stated clearly in the ADF&G handbook that no seiners are to be in Coghill Lagoon before July 21 but the "higher ups" in Fish and Game decided that to "increase the fishing efforts, the lagoon would be open to purse seiners beginning at 8 am on July 5." Crazy. Why didn't they let the gillnetters "increase their own efforts" and actually make some money, which is what we were there for.

It was nuts. Gillnetters and seiners all waiting at 8 AM on July 5. . . then a few seconds before 8. . . skiffs are blasting off, we put the Ambergris in reverse and are putting out the net when "BAM," I ran to the window. It was a skiff from a certain family not known for their gentle fishing style, the Arctic something. They rammed into my dad's boat. "You asshole you ran into me," my dad screamed at the skiffman. The skiffman replied, "No, you asshole you ran into me!" Whatever, we just kept setting. Luckily the boats and humans were not injured. The biggest thing I learned that season was that nothing is permanent, nothing lasts and eventually, everything changes.

The rest of that Summer was totally different. We packed up and left Coghill sometime in July and had another gig, seining. . . a leased boat that the name slipped my mind. . . oh ya, the Norma K.

In this infinitesimal life there will be ups and downs, good years and bad, but it's pivotal for us to reflect on and remember the good memories, after all. . . what is memory anyway?

Primal in Nature

By Steve Schoonmaker

Primal in Nature

Spread through all time

Since stone weights

And Spruce roots

And bone scraped spines

Primal in Nature

Still brutal and clean

Nourishing digestion

Through our vital blood
streams

Like the creeks out the lakes

Like the rivers to the sea

To the pound of the surf

In the moods of the breeze

Still Primal in Nature

Still picked by the hand

Now gloved in some rubber

From some foreign land

Old smokestacks and cities

So far away from these scenes

Of storm-ravaged mountains

And clean Salmon Streams

Primal in Nature

Where tendons are stout

Where fingers go numb

And shoulders wear out

Primal in Nature

In Synthetic Man's time

When gillnets are nylon

And foam corks float the line

In white, red, or yellow

Repeated hundreds of times

Primal in Nature

Fish catchings about

Out the tributary airways

And highway truck routes

Refrigerated or frozen

Suspended in time

For a diner's cuisine

Or a store's checkout line

Primal in Nature

Still connected to kill

Nutritionally tracked

To a transaction's bill

Still . . . Primal in Nature

Still caught by the gills

Where the uplands and rivers

Help with paying the bills

If left to the Primal

And left to the still

Because catching needs ocean

And rivers and hills. . . Still

Primal in Nature

Designed into Man

Maybe parts from the surf

Maybe parts from the sand

Earned by the ancestors

Passed down in these plans

Of Human survival

Where Earth versus Man

To Man versus Earth

With the same mortal hands

Primal in Nature

Caught food from the Sea

Still tied to those forces

The Wild Salmon need

Primal in Nature

Spread through all time

Since stone weights

And Spruce roots

And bone scraped spines

Still . . . Primal in Nature

Still . . . brutal and clean



Softink // Watercolor Crayons // By Samantha Feemster

Adrift

By *Smokee*

“This has never happened to me before.” I thought to myself as I looked out into the vacant.

Since I can remember, I had no limit to my creativity; my imagination.

I could reach out to the deepest part of my mind, and then take a step further, to visualize something new.

I could create, observe, and critique, all within the space above my eyes; The greatest escape that encouraged surprise.

But yesterday, something happened.

I got to the outer edge, the place where I normally step through, and I stopped. I couldn't take that step.

So began a new mantra, (which was toxic in form):

“Am I broken?”

“Am I tired?”

“Am I anxious?”

“Am I bored?”

I wanted to scream, “How the F*%# is this possible?” because my time here so far has been like goddamn gospel.

That feeling of stasis inside my own head, wanted to rip out my brain, and send it to bed.

I thought to myself that this could all be a joke, Like my deadpan concern was just a piece of the trope. Like my passion for creating had somehow been choked.

Whatever this poison that was plaguing my brain, was deconstructing my spirit; becoming daunted and vain.

At a certain point I rested.

And rested.

And now I'm up: a long pensive year and a “latitude jump.”

But I'll still remember and observe and view out, with your coated sharp lens, and your ridibund tout.

I will always miss you my friend,

But I'll always hold faith,

that sometime we will enjoy a jazz cigarette together again.



Photo By Sergei Bogatchev

Contact High

By Steve Schoonmaker

Together. . . . with the Skies
We breathe our. . . . bodies of

Together. . . . with the waters
We drink. . . . our bodies of

Together with the soils
. . . and the Sun

We eat our. . . . bodies of Commons
bodies of Together

Together. . . .our everything
Earthen and Sky.

Contact High // Watercolor & Felt Pen // Steve Schoonmaker



Woven

By Jillian Gold

Beside a fire, a mind can recess
From the heavy weights of all matters that press

It can soften each line, and forget about fractions
Get lost in a beautiful blur of abstractions

Observe wavering fingers that splinter and arc
And snap sudden flashes of glittering spark

That lap at a canvas of space which allies
The depths of the seas with the heights of the skies

All that is and once was and ever will be
Well after ashes and long before tree

Toss out the whole range of transitive notion
A equals B equals Stars equals Ocean

So side-by-side sit, a fire and me
Two threads, maybe one, of the same tapestry.

FACETS of MIND

By Jeanie Gold

This instrument of mind is no blunder.
It's an enigma, enveloped in wonder.
So vast its repertoire of talent,
That mere comprehension is rattled.

Thinking, analyzing, strategizing;
Deciding, debating, rationalizing,
To name a few skills.
But, there is so much more.

The human mind extraordinaire
Possesses a feature no other faculty bears.
Somehow it's able to turn deep within,
To affix steady gaze and Self-reflect without din.

Emotions of worry, fear, and agitation
Trigger undulating waves of mental spin.
In turn, these reverberate near and far,
Tossing body and psyche hither and yon.

Profound relaxation and peace,
Plant tranquil vibrations of calmness and ease.
In the midst of immersed quiet stillness,
A gateway appears, and mystery opens.

With monumental capabilities,
The mind can imagine, harness, create.
With corresponding proficiencies,
It can also hinder, obstruct, and eradicate.

The mind is a marvel, be it friend or foe.
And also a glorious mirror from which
To garner a glimpse and behold:
The immortal majesty of the indwelling soul.

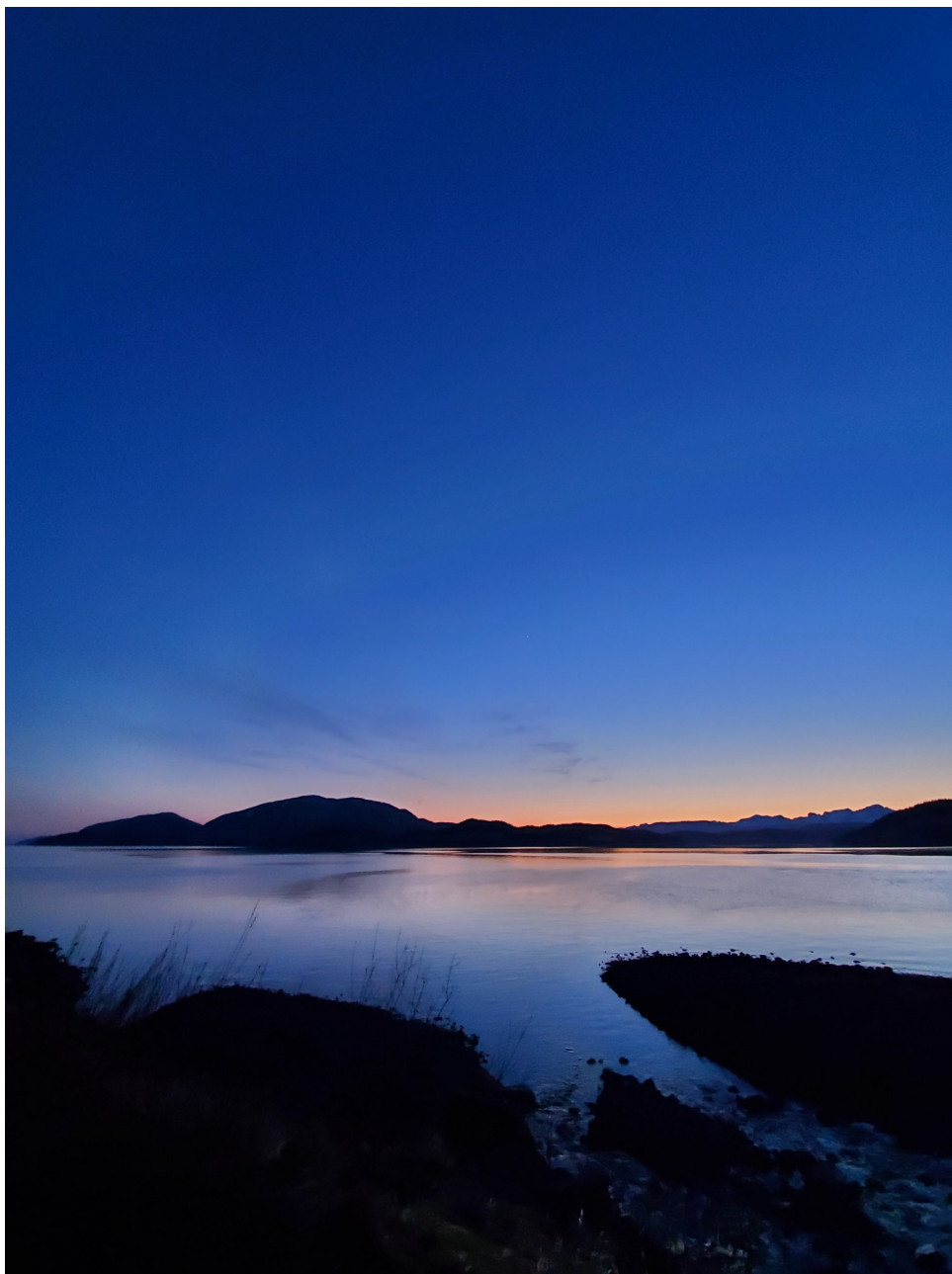


Photo By David Saiget

Drifting

By Lisa DeLaet

No
lines
chains
anchor

Only
Winds
Waves
Currents

Under
Sunshine
Clouds
Stars

With
Pups
Family
Friends

Finding
Peace
Connection
Freedom



Western Sandpiper Bathing // Egg Tempera on Panel // By P. Payne

A Doggy-Dog World

By Jenny Nakao

There was talk about going for a ride, but this is different. There's a lot of water out here. Way more than I've seen before. Sometimes it's so still and shiny that I'm pretty sure I can walk on it. Sometimes it swells up and tries to get me. On land there are squirrels and on the water there is spray. I've been keeping a good eye out for the spray that comes through the scuppers. Yelling at it really seems to make it go away and, when I need to, I bare my teeth to make a point. I've taken it upon myself to regulate all things that come aboard.

I've found that I'm most useful perched on the padded bench where I can view all deck operations from inside. After a set, I like to look at all those floating balls lined up in the water and I inspect the deck. Fish are clearly welcome aboard, but sticks and seaweed are an ongoing debate. I'm pretty stoked about catching them even if others can't appreciate their value. One time, I found half a fish face! What a treat!

I'm not sure why anyone would rather fish at night instead of cuddle. I keep the cushions warm and ready for naps. Speaking of naps, I love it when the deck heats up in the sun and I can lay out. It's not so bad being out here with my best friend.



Photo By Jenny Nakao

Love and other decisions

By Castilleja Kuzis

You crashed over me like waves,
softened my heart as sea glass.

Imperceptible erosion
expanded my world
to include you.

Boats don't want to float
and fish avoid nets.

The audacity of hope,
from the safety of land.

The improbability of us,
adrift in the sea.

Between water and gravity,
find trust and courage.

A tidal pull,
a give and take,
not enough,
and too much.

A risk-benefit analysis,
but don't ask "is it worth it?"

They say look to the horizon
to beat seasickness.

Lovesick-
I look to our future.



Photo By David Saiget

Crocus

By Tara A. Anderson

Spring renews
The crocus emerges
Straining, pushing
Like labor through melting
Snow and ice.
Water falling through clouded skies
As I fall too.

But then like the crocus
I pull myself up
So I touch the sun
And feel its warm embrace
Upon my face.
Hoping I don't burn
If I'm too close to that sun.
Hoping my dreams and goals
Aren't too big.

As I wander and fly
Like the dunlin
That comes forth
With the changing season
From down south in Mexico
Hoping to feast on new possibilities.
Dipping my toes
In the crisp melting snow
That transforms into hopefully, warm waters
And carries me where I need to be.

Then/Now

By Castilleja Kuzis

When I was 18, wishing I was older
I paid a bruja to tell me what to expect.
She gave me tea the color of eyes,
that you can't help but stare into.
I drank it unprepared for the flavor,
acid and sweet,
poisonous and medicinal.
Then she read the leaves,
in my half-empty cup.
I can't remember her predictions,
but I can't forget her certainty,
as she stared into my doubt.

Now at 28, wishing I was younger
I eschew mystical fate
and embrace chaotic determinism.
Although they are two sides of the same coin
that rolls under the couch after I flip it.
Unable to choose.

My partner, the captain of his ship,
yells to me in a storm.
"This is your life,
you need to decide."
But I feel rip tide in my veins,
and gales in my lungs,
and dizzy from the rotation of my world,
I wonder "is it?"

Soft Sea Glass

By Rob Ammerman

In the seventh season following my mother's death, father sent me to work in a little perfume shop on the edge of the water. My new home was a bustling fishing village called Shipley. The shop, *Belly of the Whale*, had been in the MacGowan's care for three generations, and was established at a time when whalers risked their lives for sperm oil. Outside the storefront hung a sign that read:

Fragrances from heaven sent

Mysteries and past lives spent

Far from death, cut off from birth

Scents that linger here on earth

I pushed open the door so that the bells might not

announce my arrival too soundly. As it shut however, they twinkled brightly. My left hand found my coat pocket; a reflex, a comfort. For in its depths lay an ancient little bottle, hand-blown in emerald green glass. The final remnants of my mother.

In the front window was a wood carving of a whale which read, "Jonah's Humble Abode". I was gazing at it when Ms. MacGowan crept up behind me.

"That piece was carved by my great granddad. It's from the original storefront. It comes apart. Kind of like a nesting doll. Except it has Jonah inside. You'll never guess what's inside him. Same thing that's inside you." She looked at me, smiling, clearly aware that I was already overwhelmed. "And me for that matter. But hey, let's not worry about that now. The view's better over here anyway." She motioned for me to follow her and we gazed out the opposite window, together.

(story continues on next page)



On Our Way // 16" x 20" Acrylic // By Darla Church

I took in the liveliness of the gulls in the sky, the business of fish on the boardwalk, and the boats afloat on the water. Returning to my breath, I inhaled an array of colognes and perfumes from the shop. They mingled with the smell of the cannery-heavy air outside.

"Sorry, I really should've started by introducing myself. I'm Rena MacGowan, and you must be Ursula. How is your father? He was worried you wouldn't make it."

Again, I felt for the bottle in my pocket and prepared to fumble over my words. Before any could escape, Ms. MacGowan spoke again, "I told him he's nothing to worry about. He and I go way back. Taught him everything he knows." She winked. "Here, I'll start by showing you around."

She took my hand, the one that wasn't buried in my pocket, and she walked me around the shop. She explained the liquids, the solids, and the rare pieces which lived in a glass cabinet, most of which I'd seen before in my father's lab. One in particular caught my eye. A small grey rock, unassuming, much like the one I had tripped over, so many years ago.

...

I can still remember the colors of my father's lab that lived in the moonlight hours. When the keeper of tides rose hard through our ocean facing windows and the beach grass swayed in the wind, my father's endless cupboards became a kaleidoscope, casting schools of fish swimming over vacant walls. As my father mulled, and poured, and measured, he was painted in the colors of the glass bottles that kept him company. They were not the only ones who stayed with my father in the late hours. I spent all the time I could in my father's lab.

Once, after I had knocked one of his bottles from a glass shelf by the stairs, he sorted through the glass, unworried, unangered, unhurried, until he found a small pebble. He told me all about the ambergris, from the stomach of a whale, and that the prize he sought could be found right next to our home, should we be so lucky. He was convinced that amber-

gris held the key to my mother's fits. That was the only encouragement I needed.

When my mother was well, she took me along on shoreline expeditions. We skipped, we drew pictures in the sand with driftwood, she read me stories. Above all else, we laughed. It was like she wasn't sick at all. Sea glass was our favorite treasure to seek. We would roll the rounded pieces in our palms, and sit amongst the reeds and tall grass on blankets, holding our jewels up to the sun. The sparkle in mother's eyes, when she held out her hands and let the little round pieces topple into the sand, was like diamonds on the water.

Following storms, I was always eager to get outside and explore the wonders of flotsam that were so graciously given by the sea, but after months of repeated agony, mother was too weak from her convulsions to go outside. My father had devised a solution of clary sage and frankincense that helped a little, but he remained convinced the final part of the mixture was out there bobbing around in the ocean, or growing in the gut of some great leviathan. His idea mostly ended up hanging, like old nets in a loft, but I never gave up on it.

In fact, my fervor only grew. With every passing storm and every falling tide, my eyes got keener. At the forefront of my mind was ambergris, ambergris, ambergris. Our father said that it looked like a grey rock, but it was much lighter, and pungent. The day I tripped over it should have marked a turning point, and I guess it did, in a way.

...

Caught daydreaming, I struggled to regain my ground with Ms. MacGowan. She cocked her head and restated her last sentence, "I said, this is my good luck charm." Squirting a spritz from a little blue bottle onto her wrist, she smiled and said, "I put it on every day."

It wasn't the top notes of carnation, or the heart of lavender, but the woody base notes of frankincense which overtook my senses. Call me daft, but again my mind wandered. This time on the memories of my mother's scent.

(story continues on next page)

After I found the ambergris on the beach, my father worked tirelessly, for weeks. He concocted new oils, vial after vial, and mother began to smell like the sweet, earthy aroma of ambergris, as well as the woody frankincense and clary sage. Eventually, my father could no longer stand to be away from her. He gave up on his work in the lab so that he might spend more time with my mother. I frequented her room as much as I could, but mostly, I walked the beach and collected sea glass. When she was awake, I would place the jewels in her palm and she would smile. When she slept, I made sea glass pictures on the window sill. Birds, waves, whales, and whatnot.

One stormy night, when I peeked into her bedroom, my father had mother's head on his lap. He was reading to her from a book. I can't remember which one.

How a scene can go from such peace to such rapture, I'll never know. Mother began convulsing, her entire body rigid, then rattling, her spirit disconnected. In spite of it all, my father remained calm. He reached for a bottle by the bedside and finding it empty, he looked to me in the doorway and said, "Ursula, you must go get your mother's oil from my lab. It's in a large brown bottle marked Ivy's Aire."

My eyes welled up with tears, and I navigated the hallways and stairs as if swimming underwater. When I arrived in his lab, I searched high and low for a bottle of mother's oil, but found nothing. Opening cupboards, I settled upon the bottle, *Ivy's Aire*. Next to it, I found a little one, hand-blown in green glass. It looked just like the sea glass that mother had held in her hands so many times before. I grabbed it, too.

When I arrived in mother's room, her convulsions had still not subsided. Her fits typically lasted for one to two minutes. My father took the bottle from my hands and uncorked it. I looked to his pocket watch and saw that nine minutes had passed. He wafted the fragrance through the air under mother's nose and placed the bottle on the windowsill. It fell and emptied its contents into mother's collection of sea glass. Father cried out. Pulling the little green bottle from my pocket, I gathered what liquid I could. Like a river emptying



into the sea, so went with it, sediment; bits of sea glass, and my mother.

When my father opened the window so that her soul might find its way home to the diamonds on the water, I corked my little green bottle.

...

"Ms. MacGowan, is that what I think it is? On that shelf up there." I pointed in the direction of the glass cabinet.

Ms. MacGowan replied, "What do you think it is?"

"I think it's ambergris."

"You have a keen eye, Miss Ursula. If your nose is as sharp, you'll see a lot of success here."

(story continues on next page)



Photo By Sergei Bogatchev

"I spent years with my father identifying notes by nose alone. He used to quiz me. Ambergris is quite lovely. I have some in a bottle but I'm afraid the scent has faded. Do you mind if I smell it?"

"Of course not, dear. Let me fetch my key." Ms. MacGowan pulled a set of keys from her desk. As she flipped through her gatekeepers, my left hand, again, found its way into my pocket. The little emerald bottle hummed between my fingers.

...

I knew that fragrances activated memories. My experience told me so. But there was a part of me that wondered if a bit of my mother lingered in the bottle, so I took it with me wherever I went.

On occasion, my father would acknowledge her smell as it drifted through the house, but he always said it was just the bottle I carried in my pocket.

...

"Do you ever have the feeling that fragrances might hold a key to our past?" Ms. MacGowan asked, closing the glass cupboard and locking it.

That's a bit like telepathy, I thought.

"Why do you ask?" I said, still slightly lost in my mother's bottle.

"Because you have someone with you. Your mother, perhaps?"

I leveled my eyes at her, uneasy but comforted all the same.

"She wants you to know that it's ok, and that she *has* been with you. Through it all."

A tear dropped from my eye. Ms. MacGowan nodded at the bottle that had made its way out from my pocket. She rubbed her fingers together over her other cupped hand.

"It's okay, Ursula. You're welcome to it."

(story continues on next page)

After removing the cork, I dusted the ambergris into the bottle and sunlight shot through an open window to grace the little remaining liquid and bits of sea glass within.

My mother's eyes.

Sun-warmed sand. A warm embrace.

Ambergris, frankincense, and clary sage.

I closed my eyes, knowing that when I opened them again, she would be gone, but not forever. When I finally looked upon the shop's interior, Ms. MacGowan looked back at me thoughtfully. She said, "Ursula, perhaps we should take a walk outside."

I put the cork in my ancient little emerald bottle and placed it back in my coat pocket. We left the *Belly of the Whale* and walked down past the harbor, where we watched the gulls take flight. Next to the pier, we found a path that led to a beach. It was high tide.

The smell of sea spray and the sun on my face brought me back to the present. I was eager to write my father. Even so, I was ready to share my knowledge of fragrance with the people of Shipley while learning more from Ms. MacGowan.

As the waves washed over my feet, I lifted the treasure from my pocket and peered through it to the sun. With my mother's eyes upon me, I gave it one final kiss, then I sent the bottle adrift on the ocean.

The past turns to soft sea glass,

The fragrances hold fast.

The memories we hold so dear

Are part of us at last.



Photo By Chris Byrnes

BACK COVER // Photo By David Saiget

